

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### MOLLIE DON'T LIKE HONEYMOONS FOR FOUR

Mollie's letter to me was funny and pathetic by turns.

It began: "I cannot begin to tell you how shocked I was to hear of your accident, dear Margie. I cannot imagine you, with your energy and enthusiasm, lying on your back for weeks and weeks in a hospital. You poor girl, I almost feel as though I were doing something wrong to be so happy when I know you must be miserable.

"My dear, my dear, I wish you could have been here last week. Chad and I had been mooning around Rome all day—the weather is glorious—and arrived somewhat tired at our hotel, thinking we would not dress for dinner, which we usually have served in our own suite.

"There is a lady waiting for you up stairs," said Chad's man. We hurried up rather peeved to think of entertaining some one for at least a short call and found—mother.

"We have been waiting for you at least two hours," she said in that severely hurt voice that you and I know so well.

"As we did not know you were coming," said Chad in the 'edgely' voice I had ever heard from him, "I do not see how you can expect us to be awaiting your arrival."

"Why, didn't you get our wireless and telegrams?"

"Our," who is with you," I exclaimed. "Who do you mean by 'our'."

"Mother actually blushed, and a nice-looking, rather rotund man with a bald head made his appearance from behind a piece of statuary and a large palm.

"Children," she quavered, "this is my husband, Mr. Trent—this is Chadwick and Mollie."

"I sat down quickly; I was so overcome.

"Didn't you know?" asked mother.

"Of course not," answered Chad.

"Well, dear Margie, after all, mother is accompanying Chad and me on our wedding trip and has added another in the person of Mr. Trent to the family party.

"It is funny to hear mother expiate on dear old dad's virtues and laboriously explain that she could never love again as she loved him. All the while she is doing this poor Mr. Trent sits mum looking so miserable. If I were ever to marry again I'd certainly let my first husband rest in peace.

"I really believe though that after some sort of fashion he is quite happy. You know mother is good to look at with her white hair, her still fine teeth and her still brilliant dark eyes. She has grown young too in her happiness, and I am mighty glad she has gotten some one of her very own to look after her.

"But, oh, Margie, I wish she were satisfied to let Chad and me alone. She insists we shall be spectators to Mr. Trent's homage from morning until night. Chad chafes under it. I am hourly afraid of some kind of an outbreak.

"Our honeymoon is over for you can't 'moon' with four, can you? Margie, dear, I have been wondering if you were as happy with Dick as Chad and I are. I don't think you could be even in the first flush of married life, for Dick has none of those differential traits and flattering manners that Chad has.

"You would think I was the princess in the fairy tale, and in one thing I wish I could emulate her. You remember the lines:

"Across the hills and far away,  
Beyond their utmost purple rim  
She followed him.

"If Chad would only start, how quickly I would follow."

(To Be Continued.)